



# Tarzan



NO. 2  
NOV.  
30¢



# 20¢

PRESENTS  
EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

# WEIRD WORLDS

DAVID INNES  
FIGHTS FOR HIS  
LIFE...  
"AT THE  
EARTH'S  
CORE!"



**PLUS!**

HIS CHOICE IS SLAVERY...  
OR DEATH! HIS NAME IS... **JOHN CARTER--WAR LORD OF MARS!**

# John Carter WARLORD OF MARS

Adapted from the Famous Hardcover Series  
of **EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS**  
by **MARK WILKINSON and ALAN FLETCHER**

## Chapter Five: "ESCAPE"



**I** AM NO LONGER AMAZED AT ANYTHING I FIND ON THIS SAVAGE WORLD OF MARS. LOVE AND LOYALTY, QUALITIES COURSED ON EARTH, ARE SCORPED BY THE GIANT GREEN MEN KNOWN AS THARKS.

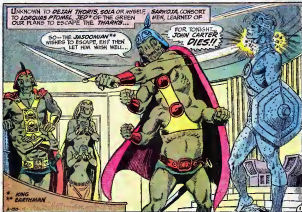
THUS MY PURPOSE IS CLEARLY UNDERSTOOD WHEN SOLA, MY MARTIAN TEACHER, AND FRIEND, CONFIDED THAT UNKNOWNST TO ALL, HER FATHER IS JIM TARDON, SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE GREAT THARK ARMY.

UNKNOWN TO DESSA THOMAS, SOLA OR WHATEVER, SARHOLA, CONSORT TO JORJANUS PRIMAL, 22<sup>ND</sup> OF THE GREEN, OUR PLANS TO ESCAPE THE THARKS...

SARHOLA, CONSORT TO JORJANUS PRIMAL, 22<sup>ND</sup> OF THE GREEN, OUR PLANS TO ESCAPE THE THARKS...

SO...THE JOJOSCHIAN<sup>SM</sup> WISHES TO ESCAPE, BUT THEN LET HIM WISH WELL...

FOR TONIGHT JOHN CARTER **DIES!!**



\* JONG  
\*\* BARTMAN

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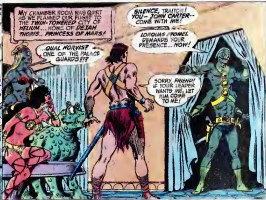
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WHY SHOULD THE BATH OF THE ALBES BOTH MY SOOT AM I NOT A THARK... LORDCHAMBERLAIN IN HAND, PRINCE IN BATTLE?

WHY IN THE COMPASSION ARE FOR FOOLS AND WEAKINGS ONLY...

OR DO THEY SAY TO ME?





INSTANTLY I SPRANG... TO PLUNGE MY BLADE INTO THE SECOND THARK...





THE SUN WAS RISING AS WE RACED ACROSS THE MARTIAN LANDSCAPE! WE WERE OUR WAY OVER THE PUSTY DRY SANDS OF THE DYING PLANET... PAST THE CRUMBLING BUILDINGS BUILT BY A LONG DEAD RACE...



WHILE IN THE PALACE CHAMBERS OF LONGQUAS FOMEL...



AT THAT  
MOMENT...

SOLA'S RIGHT—  
THEY DO WORK...

THEN YOU BETTER  
TEACH ME QUICKLY...  
WE HAVE NO TIME  
TO LOSE!

JOHN CARTER—  
HURRY! THEY  
ARE COMING!

BUT THEY'LL ONLY  
CARRY TWO IN  
EACH!



NO TIME FOR  
FORTH LESSONS  
NOW, PRINCESS—  
YOU AND SOLA  
TAKE THIS  
ONE CRAFT...

I'LL MEET  
YOU IN MEDIAN  
WHEN I CAN!

NO! I'LL STAY  
HERE TO FIGHT  
AND DIE BY  
YOUR SIDE!



YOU BURY ME  
TOO QUICKLY  
MY LOVE...  
ONE WOULD  
THINK YOU  
WERE TRYING  
TO GET RID  
OF ME!

NEVER!  
I WOULD LOVE  
YOU EVER AS  
I TAKE  
FURNACE  
DOWN THE  
KING'S PASS...  
TO THE SACRED  
VALLEY DOOR!



“EVER OF DEATH  
IN VALLEY OF HEAVEN”

YOU MUST  
LEAVE NOW,  
MY LOVE...  
BEFORE IT  
IS TOO LATE!

BACK TO YOU,  
MY FRIEND! I  
SHALL HOLD  
YOUR TRUST  
LIKE A FRAMED  
Egg!

SOLA—TAKE  
CARE OF HER,  
AND YOURSELF!

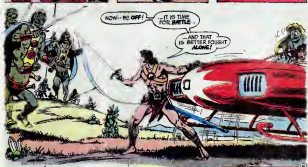
AND WOOLA—  
BARE OUR, THEY  
ARE BOTH SAFE!



NOW—BE OFF!

...IT IS TIME  
FOR BATTLE...

—AND THAT  
IS BETTER FIGHT  
ALONE!



THE SHIP ROSE LIKE A WEIGHTLESS FEATHER INTO THE CLOUDS. I WATCHED FOR BUT A MOMENT DESPERATELY WISHING TO BE AT THE HELM ALONGSIDE MY PRINCESS...

THEN THE THARCS WERE ON ME...

ROLL AWAY!

LET JASSAN FIGHT ON HIS BONES!

\*DOPPERS OF DEATH

I LUNGED FORWARD, MY EYES BURNING WITH A MADDENING DESPERATION...AND THE FIRST GREEN ARM QUICKLY FELL...

IF THUS IS HUNGER IT WILL ADV. HE JOHN CARTER'S BONES SHE'LL FEAST ON, BEAST...

...BUT THOSE OF CRUEN THARCS!!!

THERE WERE TOO MANY OF THEM AND I KNEW I WOULD SOON FALL...THUS I RUSHED TO THE SECOND AIR CRAFT HOPING TO MAKE MY ESCAPE.

STOP HIM!

FRANTICALLY I TURNED AND TWISTED EVERY DIAL I COULD FIND UNTIL THE SHIP BEGAN TO RISE...

SAFE...

BUT THE ONLY PROBLEM NOW...

IS HOW DO I PILOT THIS CRAFT?

YOU DON'T, JOHN CARTER... RATHER YOU LET THE SHIP DESCEND AND RETURN TO EARTH!











STRUGGLE ALL YOU WANT, DARLING—BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'LL MAKE IT UP HERE BY YOURSELF!

YOU THINKS AIN'T ENUFF FOR CLIMBING!



DO YOU INTEND TO JUST LET ME DROWN? WELL, IF SO, I'D RATHER TAKE MY CHANCES WITH THE WATER.



SORRY—GRRR HOLD! AND I'LL HUNT YOU ABOARD!

IT'S ABOUT TIME... I WAS STARTING TO GET ANNOYED!



CAN WE BE FRIENDS NOW, THIS?

STRANGER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED ON RAISINBOOM, JOHN CARTER!

THE FRIENDSHIP OF A HOARDER AS YOURSELF WOULD BE A PRIZE MOST HONORED.



BUT...

THIS AIR SHIP IS LOSING ALTITUDE... CAN YOU FIX IT?



NO WAY... I THINK THE THING FIRE-POWER DAMAGED THE ENGINE. WE'LL HAVE TO DITCH.

THE SHIP SCREAMED DOWNWARDS TOWARD THE HURRY MARTIAN WATER. BARS ZARKAS AND I BRACED OURSELVES ON THE RAILING WAITING FOR THE MOMENT OF IMPACT... THEN, SECONDS BEFORE THE SHIP HIT WATER... WE DROVE...



THERE'S ONE THING I THINK YOU SHOULD KNOW, JOHN CARTER!

WHAT'S THAT?

I CAN NOT SWIM!



I HAD FORGOTTEN, TO THE FIREFORMS GREEN MEN, WATER, SO FARE A COMMUNITY ON MARS, WAS FEARED. IT WAS ONLY NATURAL THAT BARS ZARKAS NEVER LEARNED TO SWIM.

SURPRISING, JARF DARKAGE AND I HELPED ONTO SOME FLOATING DEBRIS FROM THE AIR SHIP.

I OWE YOU MY LIFE FOR THE SECOND TIME TODAY, JOHN CARTER!

BUT IN THE FINISH, IT WAS ALL USELESS!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WE'RE NOT DEAD... AND THERE'S LAND BEFORE US! WE'LL BE SAFE THERE!

THEN, IN THE DISTANCE, WE SAW IT... SPRING FROM THE RIVER LIKE A VERDANT JUNGLE... LAND...



HAPPY THEN YOU TRULY DO NOT UNDERSTAND! THIS MY FRIEND, IS THE RIVER OF DEATH... AND THAT LAND...

...THAT LAND IS...

...HEAVEN!



**NEXT: INTO THE VALLEY OF DEATH!**

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C  
omics  
NO. 1

FOR A FREE BOOK, SEE 50

**Tarzan**



THE ORIGINAL  
**APE-MAN**  
SHOUTS A CHALLENGE...  
WHICH IS  
ANSWERED BY  
**DANGER!**  
**EXCITEMENT!**  
**ADVENTURE!**  
IN THIS **BIG BOOK** OF  
**Tarzan**

160 PAGES 50

CONTINUING THE SAGA OF EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

# PELLUCIDAR

THE WORLD AT THE  
EARTH'S CORE

FOR DAVID INNES AND ARNER PERRY--  
TWO MEN LOST IN THE HIDDEN WORLD  
AT THE EARTH'S CORE--THE ETERNAL  
NOONDAY HAS NOT BEEN GOING WELL!

ATTACKED BY SAVAGE CREATURES  
UPON THEIR ARRIVAL HERE, THEY  
HAVE SINCE BECOME POSSESSORS  
OF THE BESTIAL SAGGERS--  
AND NOW HAVE BEEN WITNESSES  
TO A DARING ESCAPE...

DEPEND YOURSELF,  
PERRY--THE BEAST-  
MEN ARE ALREADY  
RAGING!

...SOMETHING THE SAGGERS  
DO NOT TAKE KINDLY TO!

I'M SORRY, DAVID--  
MY BOY--I'M AFRAID  
IT'S HOPELESS!

## SLAVES OF THE MAHARS

LEN WEIN: WRITER

ALAN WEISS: ARTIST  
CLARK: INKED

BASED ON THE NOVEL,  
"AT THE EARTH'S CORE"

IN THIS TIMELESS LAND, NO  
ONE CAN SAY HOW LONG THE  
UNWYVEN BATTLE RAGES...

...BUT WHEN AT LAST, IT IS OVER...

I HATE TO SAY IT,  
PERRY OLD CHUM--

--BUT YOU WERE RIGHT!

SOMEONE, DAVID--  
THAT DOESN'T GIVE  
ME MUCH SOLACE!

WHEN THE GRIM PROCESSION GETS UNDER WAY ONCE MORE...



FOR A MOMENT, THE SMOGGY MAN STUDIED HIS COMPANION'S TAUT FEATURES-- THEN...



EDITOR'S NOTE: SEE WINGED MONKEYS #1.



**PHOTRA--** THE BUMP CITY-- A SPRAWLING MAZE OF UNDERGROUND STREETS AND TUNNELS HIDDEN FROM THE EYES OF THE UNWANTED-- ITS LOCATION MARKED BY LOFTY GRANITE TOWERS THAT SUPPLY MUTED LIGHT AND AIR...



... ITS ONLY ENTRANCES BROAD LIMESTONE STAIRCASES THAT WIND DOWN INTO THE DARKNESS...



TREAD CAREFULLY OLD CHUM! I GET THE UNCOMFORTABLE FEELING WE'RE DESCENDING... INTO HELL!

AND PERHAPS **WELL** IT IS-- FOR WHEN THE SHAKLED TRAVELERS REACH THE STAIRWAY'S END...

SO THIS IS **BENTON** REMAINS HE SLIGHTLY OF THE NEW YORK **SUBWAY** SYSTEM--

...EXCEPT THAT IT'S FILLED WITH **CLAWES** AND **SERPENTS**... AND... AND...



GOOD LORD, PERRY!-- WHAT IN BLUE BLAZES ARE THOSE?

THOSE, SAID MY BOY, ARE **RAHAWHAWHOS**--

--REPTILES OF THE **MIDDLE OLITIC PERIOD**-- OR, TO PUT IT MORE SUCCINCTLY THOSE ARE THE-- **MAHARS!!**





SHORTLY...

ARNER, I TAKE BACK  
WHAT I SAID--THIS CITY  
IS REMARKABLE! IT'S  
WELL VENTILATED--  
COMFORTABLY LIT--!

ALL ACCOMPLISHED BY A  
SYSTEM OF TUBES AND  
REFLECTORS THAT  
CONNECT TO THE POWER  
ABOVE US! QUITE  
REMARKABLE, INDEED!

PERRY--LOOK! IF I DIDN'T  
KNOW BETTER, I'D SWEAR  
THOSE TWO MONSTERS WERE  
SPEAKING!

I DO BELIEVE  
THEY ARE, DAVID--

--COMMUNICATING THROUGH  
SOME UNKNOWN--SIXTH  
SENSE!

WHAT THEY DO IS PROJECT THEIR THOUGHTS  
INTO THE FOURTH DIMENSION--WHERE  
THEY BECOME UNDERSTOOD BY THE SIXTH  
SENSE OF THEIR LISTENER!

DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR  
TO YOU, DAVID?

WELL, PERRY--  
YES--ER--THAT  
IS--YOU--WELL--

--YES--!

SOON, THE NEW PRISONERS ARE SET TO WORK  
IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE CITY--AND SO WE FIND  
OUR TWO WYANDOTT HEROES--BUSY IN A PHUTRAN  
"LIBRARY"...

PERRY, I'M GOING TO  
FIND DIAH THE BEAUTIFUL  
--IF I HAVE TO SEARCH  
EVERY INCH OF  
THIS MINUTIAE  
WORLD!

MINIATURE  
DAVID, COME  
HERE FOR A  
MOMENT!

LOOK AT THIS MAP  
MY BOY! THIS IS  
EVIDENTLY WYANDOTT--  
AND ALL OF THIS  
IS LAND!

DO YOU NOTICE  
ANYTHING ABOUT  
THE GENERAL  
CONFIGURATION  
OF THE TWO AREAS?

NOT REALLY  
ARNER--GET  
TO THE  
POINT!



DAVID, WHAT IS **LAND** ON THE SURFACE WORLD IS **WATER** HERE--AND VICE-VERSA!

THINK OF IT--A LAND AREA OF OVER **100 MILE** MILES! OUR OWN WORLD CONTAINS LESS THAN **HALF** THAT!

ADD THAT TO THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF **NAVIGATING** IN THIS WORLD--AND...WHERE DO YOU PROPOSE TO START LOOKING FOR YOUR **DAUGHTER**?



IT WOULD NOT BE **DIFFICULT**, MY FRIENDS! YOU CAN **REINFORCE** ANY MAN OF **PELLEGRIM** AND **ABANDON** HIM IN THE **FARTHEST** CORNER OF THE WORLD...

AND HE WOULD **HEAD DIRECTLY** TO HIS OWN HOME AGAIN--BY THE **SHORTEST** ROUTE POSSIBLE!

**AMAZING!** THESE PEOPLE HAVE A **NATURAL** **HOWLING** **INSTINCT!**



THEN **DAVID** COULD HAVE FOUND HER **WAY BACK** TO HER OWN PEOPLE?

**CERTAINLY** MY FRIEND--UNLESS SOME **MIGHTY** BEAST OF PREY HAS **EATEN** HER!



**SUDDENLY...**

UH OH--WE'VE GOT **VISITORS**--

--AND I THINK THEY WANT US TO **FOLLOW** THEM!

THEN I SUGGEST WE **DECEASE** THEM, GENTLEMEN--AND **AVOID** ANY **TROUBLE**!



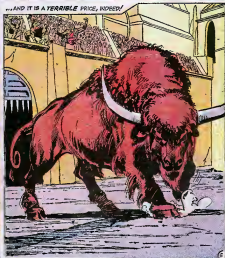
**QUICKLY** THE TRIP IS **HERDED** INTO A GREAT **THROG** OF **FRIGHTENED** **SLAVES**, **URGED** **ANDRILY**, **ALONG** BY THEIR **Savage** **SAGOTH** **GUARDS**...

WHAT IS GOING ON, **GHAK**?



...UNTIL THEY ARE **LED** THROUGH A **LOW** **ENTRANCE** INTO A **HUGE** **BUILDING**--**FILLED** BY A **GREAT** **ARENA**...

**APPARENTLY**, MY **PEERS**--WE HAVE BEEN **BROUGHT** **HERE** TO **WITNESS** A **PUNISHMENT**!





GREAT SCOTTY! THAT CREATURE  
IS A BOB! HIS KIND ROAMED  
THE OUTER CRUST WITH THE  
CAVE BEAR AND THE  
MAMMOTH COUNTLESS  
AGES AGO!

WE HAVE BEEN CARRIED  
BACK A MILLION YEARS,  
DAVID-- TO THE CHILDHOOD  
OF A PLANET!

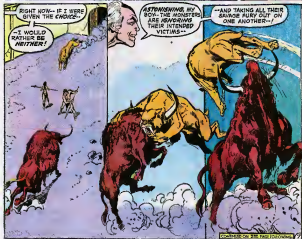
DON'T IT  
HINDER?



THAT DEFENSE, PERRY-- ON  
WHETHER YOU'RE SITTING  
UP HERE--

--OR STANDING DOWN  
THERE!

RRROW



RIGHT NOW-- IF I WERE  
GIVEN THE CHOICE--

--I WOULD  
RATHER BE  
NEITHER!

ATTENDING MY  
SON-- THE MONSTERS  
ARE REWARDING  
THEIR INTENDED  
VICTIMS--

--AND TAKING ALL THEIR  
BRUCE FURY OUT ON  
ONE ANOTHER--!

IN PAIN AND IN RAGE, THE TWO SHAGGY COMBATANTS TURN THE ARENA INTO A BLOODSOAKED RAFFLEFIELD...



...WHILE THEIR NOW-FORGOTTEN OFFSPRINGS DART DEFTLY ABOUT THE RING--AWAITING THEIR CHANCE TO ACT...

...AND WHEN THAT OPPORTUNITY FINALLY PRESENTS ITSELF...



...THEY WASTE NO TIME IN PUTTING IT TO USE!



FOR A MOMENT, THE SURVIVING BEASTWITH SNAYS ON ITS FEET--AND THEN, ITS OVERWHELMING AGONY AT LAST REACHING ITS TINY BRAIN...



...THE CREATURE RUNS AWOL.

...DETERMINED TO TAKE THE REST OF THE WORLD WITH IT TO THE GRAVE!

YET THERE IS ONE IN THE TERRIFIED CROWD WHOSE THOUGHTS ARE NOT OF DYING...



...BUT **ESCAPE!**

FLEEING THE PANIC-  
STRICKEN MOB, DAVID  
JAMES SOON FINDS  
HIMSELF...

DON'T KNOW  
WHERE I AM,  
BUT THE MORE  
DISTANCE I  
PUT BETWEEN  
ME AND THAT  
ARENA...

...THE  
BETTER  
I FEEL!

I ONLY HOPE  
PERRY AND  
GHAK SURVIVED  
THAT MAD RUSH  
AS WELL!

AT LENGTH, THE DARING  
SURFMAN LEAVES THE  
TUNNEL FAR BEHIND-- AND  
STRETCHES HIS LEGS ACROSS  
A GREAT, GRASSY PLAIN...

MY CHANCES OF BECOMING  
PERRY AND GHAK WILL BE  
A LOT STRONGER IF I  
USE SOME OF THE EQUIPMENT  
IN THE MECHANICAL  
HOLE!

MY ONLY PROBLEM NOW  
IS-- FINDING MY WAY BACK  
TO IT!

BUT AFTER A TIME  
WITHOUT TIME OF  
FRUITLESS SEARCHING--

GREAT JOB, THINGS  
YOU'VE REALLY  
DONE IT THIS  
TIME!

YOU'VE  
NOT ONLY  
LOST THE  
MECHANICAL  
HOLE-- BUT  
SHUTTER AS  
WELL!

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE  
UP THE PROVERBIAL  
TREE WITHOUT A PADDLE!

SUDDENLY DAVID'S EYE LIGHTS UPON--

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

AN ENTIRE BOAT!  
--AND A PADDLE!

PERRY AND I MAY  
YET FIND A WAY  
OUT OF THIS  
CRAZY WORLD  
IF...

SWISH

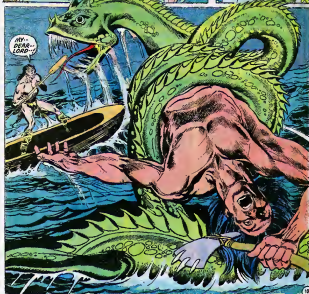
THUNK

... WHAT IN-?

SEEMS I'VE FOUND THE  
OWNER OF THIS BOAT--  
AND HE'S NOT EXACTLY  
HAPPY ABOUT LOANING  
IT TO ME!

BETTER MAKE  
USE OF THE  
OCEAN-- BEFORE  
HE DOES SOMETHING  
I'LL REGRET!







PROPPING ITS INTENDED VICTIM, THE hideous SERPENT TURNS ITS ATTENTION TO ITS NEW SOURCE OF ANNOYANCE...



NOW WHAT? IS THE SERPENT GOING TO GET ME--

--THE BOAT OWNER WILL!



BUT SURPRISEHO!

LOOKS LIKE HE RECOGNIZES A MUTUAL ENEMY! HE'S GIVING ME A HELPFUL HAND!

HSSSSSSSS



DESPERATELY THE TWO MEN FORCE THEIR ONE FRAIL WEAPON DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE MONSTER'S MAW-- UNTIL...

WE DID IT! MUST HAVE PENETRATED SOME VITAL ORGAN!

THAT NIGHTMARE IS-- DYING!



AND I MAY SOON FOLLOW--

UNLESS I CAN CONVINCE THIS FELLOW I MEAN HIM NO HARM!

FOR SEVERAL MINUTES, THE TWO CLING TENACIOUSLY TO THE SOLITARY WEAPON, ALL THE WHILE STARING AT ONE ANOTHER IN STUNNED WONDERMENT-- THEN, AT LAST...



W--HE'S LET GO OF THE SPEAR-- --AND HE'S PUTTING OUT HIS HAND! GUESS HE REALIZES THAT I SAVED HIS LIFE!

IT SEEMS I'VE MADE ANOTHER FRIEND HERE-- AND I MAY NEED ONE--

--TO GET OUT OF PELLUCIDAR --ALIVE!

NEXT ISSUE ON SALE ON OR ABOUT OCT. 3<sup>RD</sup>

THE TEMPLE OF THE DAMNED!

# WEIRD WORDS

As I write this, the first issue of *Weird Worlds* is not yet on sale. Consequently, we have no mail on it. But we do have a couple of letters. Murray Leibacher and Boudreau happened to be passing through our office, scouted the proofs for WW #1, and asked if they might comment.

Which was like asking a stormy man if he could possibly enjoy a stormy meal. I mean, it would have been pretty embarrassing if they *would* have been.

So I did them to a typewriter, supplied them with the foul-tasting office joke we call coffee and—

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Deputy O':

Just saw the first issue of *Weird Worlds*. Now that there are three Burroughs' mans instead of two, I mean ERB fans can get one-and-a-half times as happy. Not only that, but the stripes have grown to 10-plus pages! "Eh only just."

However, Murphy Anderson's John Carter is a joy to behold—especially the delectable Dutch Thoris—but the Pellucidar story seems to have lost something in the transition from filler to lead. Or maybe it's the transition from Allen Weiss's dreamlike originals to these strangely darkened comic book pages. Whatever the explanation, Carter seems smooth and flowing, while *Jones* struggles along here by jukily. I mean, I admit I haven't read the original ERB text, but Chak and Hoag's do for look like one more bizarre, last-in to Fildred and the Gray Mouser.

If I've come on too negative, it's only because I care especially. ERB's *Weird Worlds* is the sort of comic I'd prefer to read all day long. So I beg everyone concerned: please try harder. Look what it got Ayla.

Respectfully ym,  
Ed Leibachyve  
Seattle, Wash.

*Points well taken, Ed. There were a few bugs in the first issue—there always are, alas. I think we've gotten them pretty well exterminated now, though.*

*Am I wrong? Let me know, okay?*

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Deputy:

Congratulations on the first issue of *Weird Worlds*. I had unto now considered it an injustice that two of Edgar Rice Burroughs' finest creations should be reduced to a few pages as a filler for the more popular Tarzan title, and I am glad to see this situation rectified.

Len Wein's "Pellucidar" in particular, is faithful to the flavor of the Burroughs' novels, and it is encouraging to see the master storyteller given decent representation in a media which is so finely suited to that type of fantasy. Similarly Allen Weiss' art enhances the atmosphere on which such a story heavily depends. Like Alex Raymond, Weiss is able to delineate a world of total imagination, yet install in it a unique reality all its own.

Murphy Anderson's art on "John Carter of Mars" appears to be his best since Hawkmen, and again Mary Wolfman's script must be commended for retaining the spirit of high adventure and human drama that has made the Burroughs' novels so popular.

Best of luck with "Weird Worlds."

Sincerely,  
Gerry Boudreau  
248 Broad Street  
Cumberland RI 02854

*As mentioned in this space last issue, Gerry, every professional in the business is knocked out by Mr. Murphy's version of the red planet, et al. Weiss, Wein and Wolfman—our triple W—are all good and get now better with every job they do. The mind boggles at the staff they'll be turning out a year from now. Greetings lies ahead, troops.*

\*\*\*\*\*

Next coming, more letters and less more of the special Burroughs' blend of fantasy and breath-melting action. Be it with us, huh?

Till then—

Pears,  
Gerry